H. Buckler Esq.

THE MARIETTA ADVOCATE

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POETRY.

The Home Bound Bark.

BY C. SWAIN.

'Tis the winter deep!
And the sea-fowl sweep
Afar o'er the gloomy tide;
And the wild waves dash,
'Neath the signal's flash,
Where the foamy tempests ride.

And dark and drear,
On the seaman's ear,
Hangs the vulture's ravening cry;
Like the startling breath
Of some fiend of death,
In wait for the souls that die.

The sails are rent—
The stout masts bent,—
And the helm and bowsprit gone;
And fast and far,
'Midst the billowy war,
The foundering bark drives on.

The shriek and prayer,
And the wan despair,
Of hearts thus torn away.
Are seen and heard
By the ravening bird,
In chase of his drowning prey.

Oh! many a sire,
By the low red fire,
Will wake through this night of woe;
For those who sleep,
'Neath the surge's deep,
Ten thousand fathoms low.

And many a maid;
In the lonely glade,
For her absent love will mourn,
And watch and wail
For the home-bound sail
That will never more return.

Mourn not for the DEAD,
On their sandy bed,
Nor their last long sleep deplore;
But mourn for those,
In their home of woes,
Who weep for evermore!

Woman's Love.

The Poem on enthusiasm, by John L. Lewis, Jr. of Pen Yan, N. Y. which received the premium offered by the publishers of the New England Galaxy for the best Poem, is a production of a superior order. The following is a passage from this Poem:

But *Woman's Love*, a treasure richer far,
Than all the trophies of the victor are;
Oh let the heartless, selfish worlding deem,
That 'tis the fancy of an idler's dream;
The frigid Platonist may preach in vain.
'Tis but the fiction of the Poet's brain;
His frozen heart could never taste the bliss
Of mother's love or gentle sister's kiss.
Sweet as the moss rose in its earliest blush,
Is her affection in its first warm gush,
Like sparkling ruby, is its crimson glow,
Or silver founts which in the sunbeam flow.
'Tis like the snow upon an Alpine height,
As pure, as stainless, and as dazzling bright;
A talisman of virtues rich and rare,
The brightest jewel happy man can wear.
Its clinging fondness never is enstranged,
It ever burns unchangeable, unchanged.
Nor chilled by time, nor overcome by fear,
It soothes the soul, and dries the falling tear,
So mild and beauteous, ardent, yet so calm,
Purer than air, more healing than a balm.
Enthusiasm tests its lasting truth,
In woman's heart it reigns in age and youth.
In every changing circumstance of life,
Child of Enthusiasm, mother, maid or wife.

TO GREAT LADIES.—Mr. John Coulter, a book keeper of Baltimore, certifies to the excellence of Mr. Gould's system of Penmanship in a style of magnificent enconium that must ensure the teacher of chirography unbounded patronage with the *greater* part of woman kind. Mr. G's mode of writing says the certifier, is suitable for *ladies of he first magnitude*. We advise *all* females of the proper dimensions to see Mr. Gould at once.

FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER, OF AUG.

MAN-ASSIMILATION.

(*Something not to be read by the Ladies.*)

"Beshrew my heart, but it is wondrous strange!
Sure there is something more than witchcraft in them,
That masters e'en the wisest of us all."

ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

It is said, that the latest investigations of travellers and antiquarians have proved, most conclusively, that no such race of people as the Amazons ever existed. Whether this be an authentic discovery or not, I am well assured, that if certain influences which are now at work in society are suffered to continue, we shall one of these days behold a race of *modern Amazons*, who will wrest from our sex the palm of supremacy, in all matters which have been hitherto considered manly. I have been a careful observer of the 'signs of the times,' and have been compelled to witness, with feelings of the utmost alarm, the encroachments which the ladies have for many years been making upon the habits, privileges, and prerogatives, of our peculiar sex. I refer not only to the ladies of America, but to those of the other hemisphere.

As some proof of their designs, I need but point the reader to a few of their imitations in dress. In the first place, in their blushing girlhood, they assume the *pantalettes*, or little pantaloons—an augury of their disposition to make further strides at a future period. As they increase in ambition and stature, they don the spencer or bob tailed coat, the ladies' waistcoat, ladies' stock, sometimes 'false bosoms;' and in many instances the hat takes the place of the bonnet.

Again. Observe their ordinary exercises. What are boarding school calisthenics, but exercises to afford the ability for future boxing? Do not the ladies mount the prancing steed to accomplish themselves in field sports! To say nothing of the Hester Stanhopes, the Lady Thorntons, and Madame Blanchards, of other climes, was not the handsome regiment of Col. Stevens, lately encamped at Hamilton Square, in New York, reviewed by troops of lady-cavalry, whose bearing and spirit were such as completely to subdue their fellow soldiers *in the infantry?* Did not that charming ornament of her sex—the touching actress, and the gifted writer—a short time since surprise the military establishment at West Point, by her unprecedented energy in riding, rowing, rambling, and cannon firing, in which she accomplished in a single day the work of three ordinary men?—Is not a lady well nigh ashamed now-a-days to acknowledge her *dependence*, by taking the arm of a gentleman on the fashionable promenade! And what, let me ask, can have a more masculine, or rather a more *man-assimilating* effect, than the graceful, close linked, eye riveting sympathy of soul, body, and movement, in the entrancing and much-admired *waltz?*

I do not, however, mean to confine myself to such evidences, in my endeavors to show the man-assimilating disposition of the ladies. I have facts to offer which shall furnish confirmation strong. Already, in the other hemisphere, have the women obtained the upper hand in the pursuits of industry. In the late contests of Greece, many a female soldier—

——"buckled to her tender side
The pistol and the scimetar."—

and gloried in exposing herself in the front of the battle, where the death-blows fell thickest and fastest. On the Alps, many a sturdy Miss 'drives the team afield,' while her lazy lord is off among the mountains, risking his neck for a lean chamois. In France what a world of lady-shopkeepers beguile a man of his small change, while *monsieur le mari* is shaving himself down upon *soup maigre*. But what of all this? In our own country, we are informed, from many sources beside the excellent letters of Mr. HOFFMAN, that women are among the best of our back-woodsmen. We understand they sometimes 'bob for whales' in the vicinity of Nantucket. We have heard them 'discourse most eloquent music' from the pulpit. Mrs. Royall is universally allowed to be the American Sir Walter Scott, and Mrs. Barney—with all respect be it spoken—is a part of her father, the Commodore.

In France, the ladies have always taken a conspicuous part in politics. I need hardly distinguish, from amidst the host, Madame de Stael, the Duchess d'Angouleme, and the Duchess de Berri. The oracles of the drawing-room have frequently spoken to the nation through the automatons of the Chambers; and who can tell whether the impulse, which has often started ten thousand swords from their scabbards, may not have been originally given by the motion of a female fan!

In England, it is well known that the Queen has been oftentimes the better in the government. Indeed, it is clearly indicated by several most conclusive caricatures, that Queen Adelaide exercises too much influence, lately, over William IV., her husband, in dissuading him from certain measures of reform. It would, however, take up too much space to present all the testimony that can be adduced to show this gradual intermingling, on the part of the ladies, with the pursuits and characteristics of the other sex. As the newspapers, however, are the unquestionable oracles,—the 'brief abstracts and chronicles of the times,'—I have taken some pains to collect from these authorities a number of fragments, which I shall present in the order in which I have clipped them from veritable journals. I begin with the *Liverpool Albion* of August 1, 1833:

'REFORM.—In the House of Commons, on Tuesday night, Mr. Severn gave notice of the following motion:—That all unmarried females, duly qualified, shall be entitled to vote in elections for knights, citizens, and burgesses to serve in Parliament.'

On which the Editor remarks:

'The next step, after giving the power of voting, must of course be eligibility to serve in Parliament themselves.'

This attempt was followed up, at a subsequent period, by a motion that females should be allowed to serve on juries.—There was however, a majority of Vandals in the House, and the subject was cruelly and indecorously laughed down.

The House should have been beset by a fair army from St. Giles's and its members severally compelled to argue the question with the syrens from Billings gate, who acquire much nervous eloquence in 'chanting eulogies upon deceased mackerel.'

The ladies, however, were far from being discomfited by this illiberality, and it is understood that they are secretly and irresistibly going on in their reform. The hidden machinery of Almacks, the Races, Card Parties, etc., are fast enabling them to throw off their undesirable femenine characteristics. It is well known that they have a prominent representation in the capers of the circus. The opera dancing is theirs altogether. I subjoin the evidence of an attempt to drive the other sex off the stage. I find it in the *London Times*, of November 9th, under the department of THE DRAMA:

'HAYMARKET THEATRE.—This house, we announce with regret, will close on Friday next, we have every reason to believe, a comparatively successful season; and if it is not so, all we can say is, that the manager has not obtained his deserts: for in point of novelty and talent, his catering has been of the first order, and in the best taste. Five nights yet remain to enjoy the attractions of Mr. Morris's company, and we are persuaded the opportunity will not be lost by those who possess judgment sufficient to appreciate, opera, comedy and farce, in perfection. *We see Mrs. Glover has fixed Tuesday for her benefit, and is to sustain the part of Falstuff, in propria persona, in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor.'* We have no doubt in this, as well as in every thing else she undertakes, she will acquit herself with credit.'

A subsequent paper states:

"At the Haymarket Theatre, London, a Mrs. Glover has made her *debut* as *Sir John Falstaff*, with success."

The following is from Switzerland.—'Straws show which way the wind blows:"

'The annals of duelling afford no such extraordinary instance as the following, from a Swiss Journal: 'A woman of robust frame, aged 66, residing at Chenes Bougerie, had been on terms of animosity with a baker for 28 years, and had frequently challenged him to meet her sword in hand. They had, in fact, two severe combats, from which the Amazon retired both times wounded. But nothing daunted, she again forced her adversary to meet her a third time; and they had a rencontre, a few days since, at Vilette, when the fair Armida was so severely hurt, that for three days her life was despaired of. She is, however, now fast recovering, and avows her determination to enter the field again as soon as she has recovered her strength."

I shall confine myself, in my remaining remarks and proofs, to our own country, where so much liberality of sentiment prevails, that the ladies might be expected to come in for their share of 'equal rights.' That an appeal will soon be made to Congres, on the subject of an extension of the right of suffrage, I feel well assured. I heard strong regrets expressed, on the part of many ladies in New York, at the time of the late charter election, that they were not allowed to vote; and hopes were at the same time openly indulged, that the sex might not always be debarred from this just privilege. Yes—I am fearful that the seeds, destined to produce fruit, by which the Eve may again be enabled to overcome the Adam, have already been seen. It is time to be on our guard. I have given some proofs of their attempts to rival our own sex in many particulars. Let me offer a few more. I have no disposition to theorize. There is no eloquence like that of fact!

First in importance in the work of assimilation, have we not our female colleges! There is the Collegiate Institute, in a neighboring city, which was originally designed to afford its fair *studentesses* all the advantages usually obtained by the best educated of the other sex. Ladies were invited to go forward, under the pure sky and in the free atmosphere of republicanism, to prepare themselves for future honors and privileges, by becoming Latinized, Græcized, mathematicized, and at length *diplomatized*. How must the black-letter volumes in the hands of our fair young fellow-citizenesses have glowed with mystic promise of future glory! How many Corinnas must have dreamed of future triumphs over contending Pindars—of wielding the maiden sceptre over free and applauding millions—the glorious Queen Besses, the Lady Presidentesses of our republic! With what music must their clear and bird like voices have come back to their own ears, reverberated from the legislative halls that spread before them in vision! With what expansion of soul must they have beheld themselves sitting, with Justinian-like gravity and dignity upon the bench of jurisprudence, with their ancient sister Justice at their side, arrayed like themselves, most becomingly, in *bag sleeves* instead of *bag wigs!* But, to return from this digression. The Brooklyn College still holds out its advantages in the cause of assimilation and equal rights, and it does not stand alone, as the subjoined notice, taken from the *New England Farmer*, attests:

"A FINE CHANCE FOR THE LADIES.—Heretofore, with the single exception, we believe, of the Princess Dashkoff, Doctorates have been only conferred upon males, but females are now about to participate in these learned distinctions. The Legislature of Indiana has chartered a new College, called 'The Christian College,' at New Albany, alike open to males and females, with power to confer degrees. In the female department, they have established the degrees of *Doctress* of Natural Science, of English Literature, Belles Lettres, the Fine Arts, and of Arts and Science—so that, in a few years, *Doctresses* will be made as rapidly as our medical schools make Doctors of Medicine. Our young men had better be on the look out, or they will be completely overshadowed by the learned *Doctresses* who will issue from this college."

I readily coincide in the opinion that 'the young men *had* better be on the look out.' I do not, however, so much approve of the term *Doctresses* as applied to the lady graduates of the Indiana Institution. In all the States, gentlemen collegians receive with their diplomas the degree of *Bachelors or Masters of Art.*—The ladies should accept of nothing less than the fair title of *Maidens or Mistresses of Art.*

MISCELLANY.

Speculation, a Novel, in two volumes, has just been republished from the English print, by the Messrs. Harpers. A copy, which we have received through Mr. Perkins, of our city, is lying before us, and from a cursory perusal of a portion of its pages, we can commend it to the lovers of light reading, as a work really well written, and possessing more interest than most republications of this character. In the dearth of news, which prevents our imparting as much interest to our columns as we are desirous of doing, we have marked several passages which we insert below:—*U. S. Gazette.*

Spring.

"How beautiful is spring! with its buds and blooms, and perfumes; covering the earth with a robe of glory: gay with the voice of birds, the hum of insects, and the laughter of the young spirits revelling in its enjoyments. How profusely doth it send forth its ten thousand messengers to herald the approach of summer. Nature, so lately paralyzed by the chill of winter, rouses herself from her lethargy; and the blue sky gleams above a scene of renovated light and beauty. The grasp of man is upon the spade and the scythe; labour and gayety go hand in hand, the promise of new harvests is bright upon the earth. And how coldly does the accustomed eye look upon the wonderful transition which is effected by the magical power of this most beautiful of seasons! We behold the tall trees which have been for months dark, sapless and unlovely, gradually put forth their buds, those buds burst with the richness of their own treasures, and expand into leaves and blossoms; we see the seed sown by the husbandman, and we think not in wonder of the miracle, when we trace the tender green of the young plants which have sprung from that slight seed; we only exclaim in astonishment and vexation should an occasion arrive wherein it fails. Beautiful spring! first-born of nature! on whom she lavished her most lovely gifts; like the heart's earliest dream, decking every thing on earth in a new and brilliant garb; making the eye beam and the spirit swell by the potency of thy gentle spell! Summer may boast its warm skies, and its thousand blossoms; autumn may be rich in fruits and grains; but from thee came the first fair promise of all these; from thee came the first blue heaven, the first bright flowers, and the germ of the golden harvest!"

Quizzing.

There is, perhaps, no decided species of vulgarity so universally tolerated, by all classes of society, as the debasing habit of "quizzing," or one which more effectually lowers the tone of every circle into which it is admitted. Quizzing, treated as the ingenious Mrs. Opie has treated another vice common in the world, might be classed under twenty different heads; but we do not intend to trespass on the patience of our readers, by so elongated a definition of this debasing propensity.

An erroneous idea has grown in some minds that a quizzer must necessarily be a wit—it is as fallacious an opinion as that which supposes the writer of an epitaph to be of necessity a poet; wit is a pure and ethereal sparkle of the mind—it requires no shade of mind to constitute a quizzer; nor can such a one always lay claim even to the forbidding, unlovely talent of satire; for to be really satirical, there must be a tinge of talent—prostituted, it is true, but talent, however degraded, will still assert itself, although it may have lost the respectability which made it estimable. Who ever hearkened to the underbred utterer of this third-rate species of "good things," the flippant retailer of mingled vulgarity and grossness, without shrinking in spirit from the breath of malignancy and cunning? for never was there a decided quizzer who had not a hidden motive; and yet, perhaps, despite the utter vulgarity, the grossness, and the disgust of this polluting practice, there is decidedly nothing on earth which bears away at one "fell swoop," more victims, and those even the well informed, and the better dispositioned. Where is the man, however endowed with good sense, who may not be wiled in some degree from his purpose by these professors of a black art? although he would shrink from making the acknowledgment even to himself: and yet, let him ask his own heart, if, at the very moment, while he despised the speaker, he did not, nevertheless, shun the object of his (or her) malevolence, though he felt as he did so that "the tongue of the evil hearted is no slander."—and, if he play not the traitor with his own conscience, he will admit the fact. This species of false shame, this temporary dereliction at once from good breeding and good sense, is the triumph of the quizzer. Still greater is the power of a member of this debasing sect, when perverted pleasantry and aptitude, bordering at times on that slipshod and uncertain wit which two often passes current in the world for something better, lend a charm, a dangerous charm to malevolence; manner, that social coin, which is so frequently a counterfeit with the mere surface of the fine breeding which it apes, blinds us to the mischief over which it throws its spell; and we shrink not from the rose, though we know that the spider extracts a deadly poison from its blossom. In this age of false refinement, how many are there who would more readily pardon a dereliction from principle than a deviation from politeness,—who would rather tolerate vice than awkwardness? An underbred bow may do a man more injury with his mistress than an absolute failure in propriety and an act of ill-arranged condescension may ruin a woman with her lover when absolute levity would have passed by unheeded,—it the quizzer be at hand to comment on the one and the other; to throw out the dark shades of the picture, and to spread the mantle of ridicule over the perception of good sense.

The quizzer is the paria of society; even the caste of the satirist is polluted by a collision with this outcast from the Bramah of good breeding—this dweller in the deserts of malevolence and ignorance. He is the scourge of social communion—the ministering imp of bitterness—the contempt of good men, and the world's scorn; the professor of a vice which, born of flippancy and self-conceit is nursed by malice, and is the fitting concomitant of low birth, low breeding, and low ideas."

A Scene.

"Agnes, when I married your grandfather, Horace Sydenham, he was one of the first merchants in the city of London. We commenced life with high hopes, devoted hearts, and a splendid income. There was not a cloud on our worldly horizon, nor a dread of evil to darken our spirits. My husband was a man of prepossessing manners, handsome exterior and high breeding: for myself, I shall only say, that he saw and loved me before he knew that I could add any thing to his princely fortune, and that doubtless he loved me not the less that I brought a large increase to our worldly means. Not a wish to which, in the recklessness and buoyancy of my heart, I gave utterance, but was granted almost as soon as it was formed: I could not imagine wretchedness, for I had never seen it; and as for poverty, though I often read, and sometimes heard of it, I never learned to comprehend, in those unreflecting and heedless years of profusion and excess, its real nature and its possible extent; like the French princess, who wondered how the people could be fools enough to die of famine, and declared that she herself would live upon bread and vegetables rather than do so; if I ever thought for five consecutive minutes on the subject, it was to feel astonishment that they did not make better arrangements than to be in want of money; and if the case came within my own power, to send them whatever sum I chanced to have about me, with a cold counsel to be more judicious in future. Agnes, my child, should it ever be in your power, and (for the ways of Providence are inscrutable) who shall venture to say that such shall never be? should it ever be in your power to stretch out a helping hand to the famishing and the needy, in that hour remember that the mere casting from you of that which you do not miss, and of which you know not the value, does not constitute charity; and that there are times when a soft word and a kind smile give more comfort to the soul, than lavished gold can purchase for the body. In my youth, I was ignorant of this; you, I feel and know, have long been aware that kindness, even where there is nothing more tangible to bestow, can call forth the blessings of the afflicted. May they be answered on your head, my fair girl; for no word, save in gentleness, has ever yet issued from your lips! But I digress; I cling like a frightened child to all which may delay the punishment that my own faults have entailed on me. I became a mother; I shall pass lightly over the rapture with which I placed my infant Horace in the arms of his father; I cannot bear the retrospect; for in a few short months I had no longer a son—" The old lady paused for a moment, and then continued dejectedly—"Then, Agnes, in that trial, I felt for the first time that there were sorrows from which gold could not purchase exemption; that there was anguish which laughed luxury to scorn, and banqueted with pomp; it was a bitter lesson, and one which I did not forget. I had never seen death before; cold, uncompromising, relentless death: in vain I screamed to my boy in my unrighteous pride of heart, in my impious unbendingness of spirit; he answered me no more; I pressed his cold lips, and clasped his nerveless hands, but he returned not my caress the grave had claimed my boy, my only one; and I was long ere I bent humbly to the dispensation of that Mighty Power which had recalled him to itself. Again and again was I a parent; and yet, in the tenth year of my wedded life, I was still childless. But I had learned to bow to the stroke, if not without deep and painful suffering, at least without wild and unholy violence; and Heaven, satisfied with my submission, at length spared to me, in its mercy, a cherub girl; little dreamed I, when she nestled on my heart, and my arms were folded about her, that I should myself be her destroyer!"

There was the silence of a moment; and then Mrs. Sydenham put her lips to the water which Agnes held towards her, and after a struggle, resumed her narrative. She brightened in beauty as she grew in years: we loved her with a surpassing love; and she was affectionate as she was beautiful. To a manner gentle and subdued, she joined talents and aptitude beyond our most sanguine hopes. When she had reached her twelfth year, the axe was laid to the root of our prosperity; a wide and weighty speculation, in which my husband had engaged, utterly failed. We sank under the blow for a time, but at length we awoke from our lethargy of sorrow, and looked steadily on the evil which had overtaken us. We were stunned, but not smitten: we had yet enough for comfort,—we had yet our child—and we felt that we owed it to her to make new efforts to win back fortune to our threshold. We did strive Agnes; by night we devised, and by day we acted, but Sydenham wasted beneath the trial. Too soon I saw that he had lost the searchingness of intellect, and the steadiness of purpose, which, in him has been peculiarly marked; he talked, at times, almost incoherently, and chid me for what he called my parsimonious tendency; and at others he wept like a child, and told me that he had a presentiment of ruin and disgrace. In vain I reasoned with him during these paroxysms of depression, in vain I insisted that the idea of ruin was an idle phantom of his own overcharged brain and that disgrace was impossible to a man of his organization and principles; the feeling sat like an incubus on his spirit, and he withered beneath its influence. At length the bolt fell: one day he complained of weariness, and threw himself on a sofa; I caused the room to be darkened, and laid a light covering over his face: and with Ellen beside me, I seated myself at the far corner of the apartment; we sat there long and silently, and then, with hearts lightened by the refreshing promise of his quiet sleep, we conversed gently in whispers, lest we should awaken him. 'Agnes' continued the old lady, in an abrupt and startling tone, 'we might have shouted in his ear the words we had to utter; we might have shrieked out our hopes and our fears aloud, and we could not have broken his rest—he slept the sleep from which none awaken in this world—the slumber which is dreamless—he was dead!"

ANOTHER.

'I know not why I have so long delayed my

story, was the reply of Mr. Borckendon, as a deep shade or sadness settled on his brow; 'yet there are sorrows which are almost renewed by description; and I believe it is from a species of moral cowardice that I shrink from the task—it were difficult to decide what feelin prompted me to volunteer the recital; for you are young, too young perhaps, Smithson, to be the depository of an old man's secret: yet I believe you to be only young in years: the mind, the heart, are independent of time—and I feel a morbid desire to retrace to you the few eventful years of my life—I might have found a shore of listeners whom the world would consider far more fitted to share my confidence, but I know no other ear into which I would pour the tale of my secret grief. It is an old story, Smithson, so old, that you will, it may be, consider it scarce worth the telling; but, like the wound of the warrior from whence the fragment of clothing has never been withdrawn, though the hurt be of remote standing, the evil is yet unremedied; still draining slowly, but surely, the life-current which must fail at length. I was not always the person of habit and selfishness whom you now know me, with a smile for my own gratifications, and a sneer for the world's follies: high spirited, sensitive, and enthusiastic, I was the creature of feeling —the very being whose lesson of endurance and disappointment was likely to be the most bitter and the most lasting. Need I tell you, that such as I have described myself, I was yet young when I discovered that all my enthusiasm, all my energies, might be concentrated on one object; and that I loved with a devotedness, a passion at which worldlings would scoff, for they could never comprehend its intensity. But this it was, Smithson: every thing bright and beautiful reminded me of *her*—every thing repulsive but showed me how dear an occupation it would be to remove such objects from her path of life—*her* idea was blended, as it were, with my heart's current. I had no hope, no aim, with which her image was not connected—no enjoyment save in contributing to her happiness. She was beautiful, very beautiful —with that mild, placid loveliness, of all others the most calculated to engage the affections of a nature like my own—large dark, soul-speaking eyes—it is strange, but none ever reminded me of them as yours do—at this very moment, shaded by sadness, they seem indeed her own, save that they want that subduing softness which the purity of woman's spirit alone can lend to them. Her cheek was very fair, and yet I could not call it pale, for the warm blood mantled it in a moment, and left it only more beautiful as it departed. Bear with me, as I retrace her image—her graceful, gentle motions, her sweet sad smile, her voice like the breathings of distant music;—I could have knelt and worshipped her—have folded her to my heart, and held her there forever—I could have welcomed poverty and sorrow for her sake, and thought every suffering light, so long as she shared not in the pang—what could I not have done for her, had she become mine!—But she did not—she never loved me. I was long in believing this: I thought not of such a possibility—hurried on by my own headlong passion, I saw only in the gentle and pitying kindness of her manner the proof of reciprocal affection—nay, madman as I was, though I marked her eye glisten, and the crimson blood mount to her brow at another voice and another step, I heeded not the warning: in my infatuation, I would not be convinced; and I lived on for months in a paradise of my own creation—an Elden of imagination, which was to be withered by a breath. The bolt fell at last: fortune had been propituous to my wishes; a distant relative, in dying, had bequeathed to me a property of sufficient value to justify me, in the eyes of the world, in offering a home to the idol of my existence: before I possessed the gold I had scarcely reflected on its want; but now the consciousness of its value came upon me like a bright vision—it might win for me the favor of her parents—it might, it must —for what parent could be insensible to the benefit of his child? I knew individually that I was not displeasing to them, but I had hitherto been comparatively poor—now, however, I was poor no longer; and with a flushed brow and a fevered pulse, I hurried to tell the tale of my prosperity to Ellena. Then, and only then, Smithson, the bitter, the maddening truth broke upon me; she heard me calmly, kindly, it is true but with the cold smile which told that no self-gratulation was at her heart—she even extended her hand to me as she murmured out a few words of congratulation; I clasped it in mine, but I did not retain it for a second—it rested cold and nerveless as marble in the fevered palm on which it lay—and yet, idiot that I was! even thus I would not be convinced—and falling at her feet, I poured out the frantic tale of my passionate affection. The start of wonder—the blush of regretful timidity—the large tear which swelled in her mild eye as she listened, convinced me that my ill-fated attachment had been unsuspected as well as unreturned. In vain I pleaded, urged, almost wept; for I felt that the happiness of my existence hung upon the decision of that hour—though she bore my impetuosity patiently and compassionately, I could work no alteration in her resolve—she forgave a thousand wild reproaches and complaints, for she felt that they were unmerited, and that even as I uttered them, my heart negatived the violence of my lips. She spoke to me kindly and soothingly; but I could not listen; my brain burned, and my temples throbbed almost to bursting; at length her pity for my emotion overcame the delicate reluctance of her nature—she thought that she could show me the utter hopelessness of my suit by confiding to me the hidden secret of her soul, and that the conviction would calm me at once—she did it, generously and nobly did it; though in the effort the blood rushed painfully over her brow and bosom, and her voice faltered in the utterance—how had she mistaken me! how had she over-rated the magnanimity of my spirit! She told me that she loved another—this was the secret which was to teach my fevered pulses to be still, and the warm blood to course more calmly through the recesses of my heart! She named him too—and I rushed from her presence with the brand of wretchedness upon my brow.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE OF THE U. S. GAZ.

LETTER No. IV.

London, July—, 1834.

PAGANINI.

The disposition of the critics on the fine arts to deal in vague and extravagant descriptions, has never been more abundantly manifested, than in the marvellous accounts of the performance of Paganini on the violin. According to these wonder-making gentlemen, the whole affair of his fiddle playing is a very supernatural sort of business. They say that he sets his auditors laughing or crying, just as he pleases; that he imitates at will, half a dozen other instruments; that he draws forth tones, wholly unlike all other sounds; and most wonderfully confounding all known laws of acoustics; that he sometimes produces on one string more acute tones by moving the hand towards the nut, and graver tones, by shifting it towards the bridge; that is, on the same string, remaining at the same degree of tension, that he makes more acute sounds by lengthening, and graver ones by shortening the vibrating portion of the string.

Certainly his playing is most admirable; but the only wonderful things about it, are the facts, that thousands of gaping listeners have been persuaded to believe in the ridiculous nonsense which has been published of him; and that he has thus made a vast deal more money out of the English aristocracy, than if they had possessed knowledge and taste in music, sufficient to appreciate those excellencies which make him perhaps, the finest violinist in the world.

He comes out in front of every object on the stage to face the audience, without music, or music stand about him; two things not in the least needed by a man who always plays his his own compositions, which have generally been studied for years. I was very much struck with his manner of holding the instrument, and with his attitude; both of which were singularly good, instead of being at all grotesque or awkward, according to the critics. The left elbow was thrown well forward upon his chest, the neck of the violin inclining so far to the left as to allow the most unrestrained motion of the bow arm, which he threw about as freely as if a riding switch had been in his hand, in place of a violin bow.

As to his playing, it is really so delightful, that after hearing him, one can readily believe him to be the first performer that has ever touched the instrument. But there is not the slightest mystery as to the manner in which he produces his effects. He does not use one single power of the instrument which has not been heard in every civilized country. The difference between other violinists and himself, lies in the fact, that they have various degrees of command over some of the powers of the instrument, and a boggling execution in others; whereas he has perfect command of all. Whatever can be done on the violin, he can do, and do with the easiest and most finished execution, guided in him, by a cultivated and extremely refined taste.

His fingering is rapid and easy to the greatest possible degree, and always with surety and a perfectly true intonation; especially towards the bridge, which he sometimes appears, almost to touch. There is, apparently, no difference in the facility with which he fingers the chromatic and diatonic scales, whether in successions of single or double notes. For example, he played a run of chromatic thirds with great rapidity, and swelled the passage. This was executed beyond doubt, by fixing the position of two fingers for the chord, and then moving the hand through the half tone intervals by nervous skips, as passages are often played in the key of C, on the Piano.

One of the things which seemed to excite the liveliest admiration, in the fashionable portion of the audience, was a pretty long passage, in which were heard alternately, one tone produced by the bow, and another by plucking the spring with a finger of the left hand. Many fiddlers in Italy and Spain do this sort of imitation of the dry guitar and violin answering each other; but doubtless they do not execute it with so much rapidity and elegance as Paganini. It is to my taste, very little better than a trick; and I am sure that, even as it is performed by him, one would soon become tired of it.

Of his bowing I can say with an admiring Musician that it is *glorious*. And by the way, I cannot help adding that I like the glory of a fiddle bow a great deal better than the sword's glory; which has not only covered the world with human blood, and filled it with misery in all ages; but it has entailed upon man nearly all the political and social evils under which he now suffers. But to Signore Paganini. Nothing can exceed the clearness and liquid smoothness of the tones of his violin from the flowing bow; the volume of sound perpetually swelling and diminishing. This flowing bow, as it is called, or the drawing of the bow down or up while the fingers change upon the string, is the simplest action in the art of playing; but it is by it that the greatest performers produce the very highest and the most delightful effects of the violin. It is through the management by the bow of the different degrees of intensity and volume of tone, to use the language of musicians, that the soul of a passage is expressed. And it is in this, more than in any thing else, that Paganini's true excellence lies.

In his staccato passages, no grating is heard; they are almost as clear and smooth as his slurred ones. There is a very slight staccato, not produced by detaching the bow from the strings, but by a kind of nervous jetting or succession of distinct impulses, which is attempted by fiddlers generally, in a manner that excites a very lively torment. Paganini makes it definite, smooth and really beautiful. But he employs every degree of staccato, from this to that produced by almost throwing the bow at the strings. He seldom resorts, however, to such rough touching of the strings, except to make one loud tone, as a mark amidst the din of the orchestra; although, when he did so, at the concerts I attended, the audience seemed to admire hugely this violent contact of bow and fiddle.

The concrete slide, (running the finger up or down the strings while the bow keeps up their vibration,) is occasionally used, through short intervals, by all violinists; but Paganini carries it through long intervals, and repeats it so as absolutely to make passages out of it. Sometimes he employs it on two strings, fingered in thirds; but I am not certain that it is the very easiest thing ever done upon the violin.

The perfection with which he produces and manages the harmonic tones, is one of the great excellencies of his playing. These tones of his violin are always, even when made nearest the bridge, decided, strong, and of course, liquid as it is possible to make sounds.

It would be farcical to attempt giving his style a place in the common classification of styles; for his combines the distinguishing parts of most others. He is marked, much to my pleasure and surprise, very little with oddities; indeed one having any knowledge of music, must be chiefly impressed by his perfect execution, and the manifestation of the most refined, at the same time unconfined taste. As a strong proof of the elevation of his taste, he seldom resorts to a shake, although he could eclipse every one else in it; and, in England, nothing in music can properly be said to be adored—except a shake.

Paganini is said to have considerable learning in music, which I suppose is true; as he always plays his own compositions, and arranges the orchestral parts himself. The pieces I heard him play were not remarkable, however, for their originality or great beauty; still I never received half so much pleasure from any other violin.

He is now between fifty and sixty years old; rather tall and thin, erect in his carriage, dresses in black, has a dark skin, a large face, a big nose and long black hair, carelessly worn over his ears. Indeed he is a very common decent kind of man in his appearance, notwithstanding his figure and countenance have come in for their share of the mysterious—the critics representing him to be quite an unearthly looking old fellow. When I saw him, instead of having any thing unearthly in his countenance, or of appearing to despise his crowded audience, he seemed extremely gratified with their numbers and tickled with the applause bestowed upon him; smiling with a very good grace, and making many very creditable bows. At all events, his good looks, his agreeable ways, his big purse, or his fine playing, or altogether, captivated the heart of a beautiful young singer in London; who lately ranaway to meet him in France and be wedded; when her father managed to arrive before her at the rendezvous, and bring her weeping back to England. It is said that this event will make her fortune on the English stage. What a lucky girl! and what a happy country to be in such a moral condition!

A Bed of Tulips.

Yesterday I went to see a show of Tulips, as it is called, about three miles from town. The bed in which they were arranged, each in its separate pot, was not less than fifty *varas* in length, covered with a linen awning the whole way, and with linen curtains at the sides, to be let down if the wind should be violent, or the rain beat in. The first sight of this long gallery of flowers; was singular and striking; and faint as the odor of the tulip is, the many thousands which were collected together, formed a very perceptible and sweet fragrance. The few persons present, were brother florists, or amateurs of the science, and the exhibiter himself was a character quite new to me. Never before had I seen such perfect and complete enjoyment as this man took in his tulips; he did not seem to have a single wish, or thought, or idea beyond them; his whole business from one end of the year to the other, was to nurse them up, and here they were, in full bloom and beauty. The price of one, he told us, was twenty guineas; another only ten; some were forty, fifty, and as high as a hundred; and there was one on which no price could be set—he did not know its value—indeed it was invaluable. We saw Julius Cæsar, and the great Mogul, and Bonaparte, and St. George, and the Duke of Marlborough. 'This,' said he, 'is poor Louis XVI; here's Pompey; that's Washington, he's a grand fellow!' and he looked up in our faces with a feeling so simple and so serious, that it was evident his praise was wholly designed for the flower. I ventured to admire one, and, as you may suppose, only betrayed my ignorance; it was a vulgar flower, and had no name; they told me it was *streaky*, by which term they meant it was veined with colors which spread into the white part of the leaf, and faded away—the very thing for which I had admired it. It seems, the perfection of a tulip consists in its form; the lips of the cup should just incline inwards, and just be tipt with a color which does not diffuse itself. When I knew their standard of perfection, I began to see with the eyes of a connoisseur, and certainly discovered beauties which would never have been perceptible to me in my state of ignorance.

Indian Gratitude and Wit.

Soon after Litchfield began to be settled by the English, an unknown Indian came into the inn at dusk, and requested the hostess to furnish him with food and drink, stating that he had no success in hunting, and could not pay until he had better fortune. The woman refused; calling him a lazy, drunken, good-for-nothing fellow. A man who sat by noticed the Indian a[illegible]way from the inhospitable place, and[illegible]ng that he was suffering very severely from want and weariness, he generously ordered the hostess to furnish him with a good supper, and call on him for payment. After the Indian had finished his meal, he thanked his benefactor again and again, and assured him he should never forget his kindness, and would, if it were in his power, faithfully recompense it. He observed that he had one more favor to ask; if the woman was willing he wished to tell a story. The hostess, whose good nature had been restored by money, readily consented. The Indian addressing his benefactor said, "I suppose you read the Bible?" The man assented. "Well, the Bible says, God make the world, and then he took him, and looked on him, and say 'all very good.' Then he made light, and took him and looked on him, and say 'all very good.' Then he made land and water, sun and moon, grass and trees; and he took him and looked on him, and say 'all very good.' Then he make beasts and birds, and fishes; and he took him and looked on him, and say, 'all very good.' Then he made man, and took him, and looked on him, and say, 'all very good.' Then he made woman; and took him, and looked on him, and—he no dare say one such word."

Many years after this, the Indian's benefactor was taken prisoner by an Indian scout, and carried into Canada. He was saved from death by one of the tribe, who asked leave to adopt him in the place of a son who had fallen in battle. Through the winter, he experienced the customary effects of savage hospitality. The following summer as he was at work in the forest alone, an unknown Indian came to him and appointed a meeting at a certain place at a given day. The prisoner consented; but afterwards fearing that mischief might be intended, he neglected the engagement. The Indian again sought him, reproved him for his want of confidence in him, and assured him that the meeting would be for his good. Encouraged by his apparent friendship, the man followed his directions. He found the Indian provided with muskets, ammunition, and knapsacks. The Indian ordered him to arm himself and follow him. Their course was towards the south, and day after day the Englishman followed, without being able to conjecture the motives of his guide. After a tedious journey they arrived at the top of an eminence, commanding a view of a country somewhat cultivated and populous. "Do you know what country?" said the Indian with an arch smile. "Oh, yes! it is Litchfield," replied the white man, as he cordially pressed his hand. "Many years ago you give weary Indian supper dare," said he. "He promise to pay you, and he pay you now. Go home and be happy."

A SNAKE STORY—BUT TRUE.—On board the ship William Byrnes, which arrived here a few days ago from Matanzas, in the Gulf of California, amongst the dye wood which was taken in at that place, a snake, of the boa constrictor species, seized with a desire to emigrate, contrived to find his way on board, and esconce himself snugly in the state room of the mate, whose companion he determined to be, although every effort was made to capture him, without avail, during the passage. In discharging a part of the cargo, on Monday, the skin of his snakeship was found, he having changed it for another coat. A search was then made for him, when he was at last discovered in the cabin, and, by throwing a cloth over him, he was secured and put in a bottle, where a stopper was placed upon his farther peregrinations. The snake is about three and a half feet long, the thickness of a man's finger, and gradually tapers off to a point the size of an ordinary darning needle. For a day he may be seen at this office, confined in a glass bottle, alive, and perfectly in spirits, though darting forth his tongue with all the venom of a disappointed politician. His eye has been the admiration of all who have seen him.—(New York Star.

Astonishing Curiosity.

On the evening of the 13th inst. a gentleman in this village found in his wine cellar a *live striped snake*, nine inches long, suspended between two shelves by the tail, by a spider's web. The snake hung so that his head could not reach the shelf below him, by about an inch; and several large spiders were then upon him, sucking his juices. The shelves were about two feet apart; and the lower one was just below the bottom of a cellar window, through which the snake probably passed into it. From the shelf above, there was a web in the shape of an inverted cone, eight or ten inches in diameter at the top, and concentrated to a focus about six or eight inches from the under side of this shelf. From this focus there was a strong cord made of the multiplied threads of the spider's web, apparently as large as common sewing silk, and by this cord the snake was suspended. Upon a critical examination through a magnifying glass, the following curious facts appeared. The mouth of the snake was fast tied up, by a great number of threads wound around it, so tight that he could not run out his tongue. His tail was tied in a knot, so as to leave a small hoop or ring, thro' which the cord was fastened; and the end of the tail, above this loop, to the length of something over half an inch, was lashed fast to the cord, to keep it from slipping. As the snake hung, the length of the cord, from his tail to the focus to which it was fastened, was about six inches; and a little above the tail, there was observed a round ball, about the size of a pea.

Upon inspection, this appeared to be a green fly, around which the cord had been wound, as the windlass, with which the snake had been hauled up; and a great number of threads had been fastened to the cords above, and to the rolling side of the ball, to keep it from unwinding and letting the snake down. The cord, therefore, must have extended from the focus of the web to the shelf below, where the snake was lying when first captured; and being made fast to the loop in his tail, the fly was carried and fastened about midway, to the side of the cord. And then, by rolling this fly over and over, it wound the cord around it, both from above and below, until the snake was raised to the proper height, and then it was fastened, as before mentioned. In this situation the poor snake hung, alive, and furnished a constant feast for several large spiders, until Saturday forenoon, the 16th, when some persons, by playing with him, broke the web, above the focus, so as to let part of his body rest upon the shelf below. In this situation he lingered, the spiders taking no notice of him, until Thursday last, eight days after he was discovered; when some large ants were found devouring his dead body.—(Batavia Times.

FIGHT BETWEEN A MAN AND AN ALLIGATOR. As one of my negro men was returning home from work late the other evening, he was attacked by an alligator, who had concealed himself in some bush wood by the side of the path, seemingly for that purpose. He sprang suddenly at the intended victim, seized him by the leg, just below the knee, with his jaws, and, as the negro expressed it, "shook and growled." But he being a stout, active fellow, extricated himself, he don't know how, and retreated till he met another fellow who was coming behind; they then furnished themselves with stakes, and advancing, attacked the gentleman, and when they got home and told the story, they boasted that he would never bite another negro. The next morning, however, he had absented himself, and could not be found, but two days after, they discovered him by the pathway near the same place, apparently waiting for something to pass. They then assailed, and put a final end to him. He was about 7 feet long, and well put together. The negro had a deep gash on one side of his leg, and bruises on the other, and was lamed for several days. He watches yet for an alligator, every time he passes that way, and I have no doubt that had it been a young negro, or had he been less athletic than he was, he would have fared much worse.—[Mobile Mercantile.

SNUFF TAKING.—Yet snuff taking is an odd custom. If we came suddenly upon it in a foreign country, it would make us split our sides with laughter. A grave gentleman takes a little casket out of his pocket, puts a finger and thumb in, brings away a pinch of a sort of powder, and then, with the most serious air possible, as if he was doing one of the most important actions of his life, (for even with the most indifferent snuff takers there is a certain look of importance) proceeds to thrust, and keeps thrusting it at his nose; after which, he shakes his head, or his waistcoat, or his nose itself, or all three, in the style of a man who has done his duty, and satisfied the most serious claims of his well being. It is curious to see the various modes in which people take snuff. Some do it by little fits and starts, and get over the thing quickly. These are epigrammatic snuff takers, who come to the point as fast as possible, and to whom the pungency is every thing. They generally use a sharp and severe snuff, a sort of essence of pin points. Others are all urbanity and polished demeanor; they value the style, as much as the sensation, and offer the box around as much out of dignity as benevolence. Some take snuff irritably, others bashfully, others in a manner as dry as the snuff itself, generally with an economy of the vegetable, others with a luxuriance of gesture, and a lavishness of supply, that announces a moister article, and sheds its superfluous honors over neckcloth and coat. Dr. Johnson's was probably a snuff of this kind. He used to take it out of his waistcoat pocket, instead of a box. There is a species of long-armed snuff takers, that perform the operation in a style of potent and elaborate preparation, ending with a sudden activity. But smaller and rounder men sometimes attempt it. He first puts his head on one side, then stretches forth the arm, with pinch in hand; then brings round his hand, as a snuff taking elephant might his trunk: and finally, shakes snuff, head, and nose together, in a sudden vehemence of convulsion. His eye-brows all the while are lifted up, as if to make the more room for the onset; and when he has ended, he draws himself back to his perpendicular, and generally proclaims the victory he has won over the insipidity of the precious moment, by a sniff, and a great "bah!" —[Leigh Hunt's Journal.

The storekeeper in York, England, who was lately convicted of manslaughter, having sold to a young man some of Morrison's Hygean Pills which caused his death, has been sentenced to six months imprisonment. On hearing his sentence he fell back in agony of tears. The prisoner was a respectable storekeeper and man of character, and in consideration of these facts, so slight a punishment was inflicted. This should serve as a caution to those who vend nostrums.

A lady being asked who she considered to be the best man in his majesty's dominions, replied that she thought Mr. Macadam ought to be his whole time was employed in *mending his ways.*

FROM THE ARKANSAS GAZETTE.

Desperate engagement between the United States Dragoons and the Pawnee Indians.

By a gentleman from Washington county, we learn that the United States Dragoons have recently had a bloody fight with the Pawnee Indians, in which the latter lost 80 killed and 150 prisoners. Our informant derived his information from a young man who was at Fort Gibson when the prisoners were brought in under the escort of a detachment of the Dragoons. The remainder of the United States forces belonging to the exploring party, were left in pursuit of the Indians. The Pawnees are said to have fought desperately, and to have killed eight of the Dragoons. Several Osage prisoners were re-taken at the same time, from whom it was pretty satisfactorily ascertained, that the young man whom the Pawnees took from the Rangers, last summer, was killed. These are the only particulars that our informant was able to collect. To-day's mail or that of Saturday next, we hope will furnish the details of this affair."

[The expedition has been distressed by sickness. Gen. Leavenworth died. By letters in the Wilkesbarre papers, it appears that several Pennsylvanians are with the expedition.

From the Mountains.

A gentlemen who reached this city yesterday from the mountains has sent us a note, in which it is stated, for the information of the friends of those who accompanied Mr. Provost, of the American Fur Company, 'that his party had not been attacked by, nor had they a fight with the Pawnee Indians last spring,' as was reported. Mr. W. L. Tublette and Captain Corre have perhaps arrived at Independence by this time: the former with 60 or 70 packs, and the latter with about 20 packs, of Beaver. Mr. Provost intended leaving the Rendezvous, on Ham's Fork of Rio Colorado, six or seven days after the writer of the note, who left about the 10th of July. Last spring, the writer visited Fort Vancouver, an establishment of the Hudson Bay Company, situated 90 miles above the mouth of the Columbia; he left there on the 31st May, and lying by 37 days, reached Independence on the 19th of August.

FATAL RESULT OF SABBATH BREAKING.

The Chambersburg Repository mentions a fatal occurrence the result of intemperance and Sabbath-breaking, which lately took place near Loudoun, in that county. A man named Samuel Munds, and one or two others, in a state of intoxication, undertook to shoot a squirrel from a tree, situated near a church, during the time of divine worship. After a number of ineffectual shots were fired at the squirrel, Mund's swore a horrible oath that he would have it, and ascended the tree to accomplish his object —from which he accidentally fell; or was shot! On examination it was found, that his skull was broken, and that he had a deep wound in his side. He was buried without the formality of an inquest.

Melancholy Occurrence.

On Sunday night after dark, a female passenger on one of the Albany tow boats, by the name of Jane Summers, being in a state of partial derangement, jumped overboard, with her infant child in her arms, when about opposite Fort Lee, and both were drowned.

N. Y. Cour. and Enq.

Supposed Murder.

A boatman named Joseph Ashens, residing in Front-street; was found on Friday night in the slip at the foot of Roosevelt-street, drowned, with a deep gash on the back of his head. His pocket-book, which had contained a number of bank bills, was missing. Among them was a three dollar counterfeit note, which he had shown to a storekeeper in Front-street, and which was offered again to him by a boy on the Monday after Ashen's body was found. The storekeeper questioned the boy, who immediately took to his heels. He was followed to a house which he entered, and the house was searched. In it was found the pocket book with most of the money. The deceased has left a wife and two children. He was the owner of the sloop-boat Ohio, which was upset on a Saturday some months since, and four persons were drowned.—*Jour. Com.*

MAIL ROBBERS.

We learn, says the Globe, says "the Postmaster and his assistant, of Wythe C. H., Virginia, have been arrested by a special agent of the Post Office Department, and held to bail, with sureties each of 2,000 dollars, to answer the charge of withdrawing letters from the mails which had passed their office; and that they will be tried, at that place, on the 17th inst. The Post office was immediately placed in charge of a reputable citizen, who has been appointed Postmaster."

THE ADVOCATE.

Thursdy, September 18, 1834.

☞ ANOTHER DUN. ☜

We make another appeal to the hearts and pockets of our subscribers. We know money is scarce, but we do not believe that there is a single individual subscriber, who cannot afford to pay the paltry sum due us. Men seem to forget that printers cannot live upon air—that their Paper, their Ink, their Journeymen, demand CASH. Our expenses are heavy—honest debts must be paid, and we feel assured that our friends, after this renewed appeal, will not withhold from us the small sums which they can at any time command. By complying with this reasonable request, we will be enabled to pursue our editorial course with invigorated zeal and alacrity.

Mr. Goodwane.

This gentleman, who enjoys a high reputation as a teacher of Penmanship, is at present in Columbia. The enconiums which have been heaped upon him, by the Philadelphia and Lancaster presses, are sufficient to justify us in a belief that his capabilities as an instructor in this desirable accomplishment, are of an order much higher than usual. Mr. Goodwane is willing to spend a week in this borough if sufficient encouragement be offered. All those who are anxious to improve in this necessary art, will please leave their names at this office, before Saturday next.

A meeting was held on last Saturday evening in the the Public School House, for the purpose of taking into consideration the Education bill passed at the last session of the Legislature. The meeting was well attended, and a good degree of unanimity prevailed. The ticket formed at Maytown, was approved, and the citizens of the borough recommended to attend at that place to-morrow, and give it their support.

Mr. James Hopkins, the father of the Lancaster Bar, died on Sunday morning last. His disease was apoplexy. A handsome tribute to his memory, extracted from the Lancaster papers, will be found in another column.

MARIETTA SEMINARY.

The female department of this flourishing institution, will hereafter be conducted by Miss Beatty. Under her direction, the school, we are convinced, will sustain the high character which it gained while under the superintendence of its late accomplished instructress, Miss C. B. Simpson. Miss Beatty has been, for some time, engaged as a teacher in a well known Seminary in Philadelphia, and comes with the amplest testimonials of capacity. Pupils from a distance can be accommodated with boarding at a cheap rate, either in the family of the Principal, or in other respectable families in Town.

The male department will be continued as heretofore under the care of Mr. Theodore W. Simpson. All the branches of an English and Classical Education, are thoroughly taught, and we believe no institution of the kind in the county possesses higher claims to public confidence.

The Wall Street (Presbyterian) Church, in New York, was destroyed by fire on last Saturday afternoon. The loss is estimated at between $40,000 and $50,000. It was insured to the amount of $20,000. It is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

Such contradictory statements in regard to the result of the late elections, are contained in the papers of the different parties, that we are unable to give any account that may be relied on.

Dudley Selden, a member of Congress from the City of New York, has resigned his seat.

The Whig Convention of New York have nominated William H. Seward of Cayuga county, for Governor, and Silas W. Stilwell of New York City for Lieutenaut Governor. Mr. Seward is an Anti-Mason.

COMMUNICATONS.

FOR THE MARIETTA ADVOCATE.

Mr. McCay:—By an act of the Legislature passed April 15, 1834, relating to weights and measures, the 17th section provides as follows:

16 Drams shall be one Ounce.
16 Ounces shall be one Pound.
25 Pounds shall be one Quarter.
4 Quarters shall be one Hundred.
20 Hundreds shall be one Ton.

For the purpose of giving information to all interested, it would be well to publish the foregoing, so that sellers and buyers, as well as Carters, would be aware of the change. At present some sell by the old weight, viz: 2240 pound to the Ton, others sell by the new standard, viz: 2000 pound for a Ton. The latter ought to be adopted by *all*, and the selling and hauling price regulated accordingly. If this be not done, deception it is feared will be practised. If you publish this, and other papers copy it, I think fraud will be prevented, which is the sole object of the writer.

MARIETTA.

School Meeting.

At a meeting of a number of the citizens of East Donegal, held at the public House of Major Ferree in Maytown, on Saturday the 13th of September, for the purpose of nominating a ticket of 6 persons to be supported as School Directors on Friday the 19th of September, THOMAS HUSTON, was called to the Chair and W. R. McCay, chosen as Secretary. On motion, the meeting proceeded to ballot for candidates, and on casting up the votes it appeared the following persons were chosen, viz:

ABRAHAM N. CASSEL,
ABRAHAM VARLEY,
JOHN ALLEMAN,
GEORGE FERREE,
JOHN M. WHITEHILL,
JOHN BOWMAN.

After which, the following persons were appointed a Committee to ascertain whether the persons nominated, would (if elected) vote for the establishment of the present system, viz: George Shriner, John Brown, and J. J. Libhart.

On motion, it was Resolved, that the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the officers, and published in the Marietta Advocate.

THOMAS HUSTON, *Chairman.*
W. R. McCay, *Secretary.*

FROM THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.

OBITUARY.

We have to announce the death of James Hopkin's, Esq. the oldest and one of the most eminent members of the Lancaster Bar. Mr. Hopkins had attained an age when, in the common course of events; it was but natural to suppose that the fell destroyer would not much longer withhold the demand which, sooner or later, he ever so surely makes. But the *manner* and *time* of his death were, nevertheless, peculiar and striking. A trial, of great interest and importance, had been progressing for nearly two weeks, in which Mr. Hopkins was the leading counsel for the plaintiffs. On Thursday afternoon, just as Mr. Buchanan, who was one of the counsel for the defendants, had risen to address the Jury, he was interrupted by Mr. Hopkins, who expressed a desire to read to the Court and Jury certain authorities upon which, among others, he said, he intended to rely. Mr. Buchanan gave way; but Mr. Hopkins, after a few incoherent remarks, was unable to find the authorities, and resumed his seat.

There can be no doubt that the fatal inroads of disease were then commencing; for, a short time after he was discovered to be apparently asleep in his chair. There was nothing extraordinary in this; and the first alarm which communicated itself, was on the part of one of his colleagues, who, after having made several attempts to arouse him from his supposed slumber, expressed his apprehension of something serious to the Court, when, upon examination, it was discovered that his fears were but too well founded.

He was immediately carried home in a chair; medical aid called in, and bleeding promptly resorted to—but in vain—the ravages of disease baffled the energies of science and skill, and he lingered on, in a nearly unbroken lethargy, until about nine o'clock of the succeeding Sunday morning.

A meeting of the members of the bar was yesterday held; when Mr. Jenkins, (who had been one of his students) after a beautiful and feeling address, reported certain resolutions expressive of the sentiments of the bar upon the melancholy occasion, which were unanimously acquiesced in, and directed to be published.

Mr. Hopkins had been engaged in the practice of the Law for nearly fifty years. He was always justly distinguished for his legal abilities and attainments, and the untiring zeal and industry with which he discharged his professional duties. Though it cannot be said that he died, literally, in the very field of his renown, where he had won so many laurels, it was there that he received the fatal blow which hurried him to the grave. But other and higher objects than those of temporal ambition had long occupied his thoughts. His faith was firmly anchored upon the rock of ages; and his hopes looked beyond the stormy sea of life to the heaven of a happy eternity. He died unwarned, but not unprepared.

His death indeed is a melancholy bereavement to his afflicted children; whose tears were yet scarcely dried for the loss of a beloved and affectionate brother, whose arm had promised to be a resting staff to the old age of his father, and whose light was but too early quenched.—But let their sorrows be mitigated by the reflection that the years of three score and ten had been more than numbered; that it was not the green stem but the ripened grain which was gathered to the harvest; and that, above all, though the blow was struck, it carried with it no sting to one whose belief and hopes were as his, and though the grave was opened, it has won no victory. B.

At a meeting of the Bench and Bar of Lancaster, at the Court House, on the 15th September, 1834. His honor Judge Hayes, was called to the chair, and *John R. Montgomery*, appointed Secretary.

William Jenkins, Esq. after adverting to the melancholy cause of the meeting, submitted the following preamble and resolutions which were unanimously adopted; viz:—

The members of the Lancaster Bar have heard with feelings of profound sorrow, the intelligence of the decease of their venerable friend and associate JAMES HOPKINS, Esquire.

At an early period of his professional career, Mr. Hopkins won, and has ever since maintained one of the highest stations at the Bar of Pennsylvania. For almost half a century he has been distinguished for eminent ability, as well as untiring industry. Those who confided their professional business to his care, might always feel confident that all would be done for them, which legal knowledge and watchful perseverance could accomplish. He may be said to have died at his post, for while actively engaged in the trial of an important cause, he was seized with the mortal disease, which in less than three days hurried him to the tomb.

For many years past Mr. Hopkins has been looked up to as the father of the Lancaster Bar; and well did he sustain that character. His bland and courteous manners and the kindness which he invariably extended to his associates, will by them long be held in grateful remembrance.

Resolved, Therefore, That the Bar of Lancaster mourn with the deepest feeling, the death of James Hopkins, Esquire; he was their friend; their father—the head of the profession; its example and its ornament.

Resolved, That in their bereavement his afflicted family have our sincerest sympathy; we condole with them; we mingle our tears with theirs; and feel their loss as our own. But we must bow to the hand that has smitten us; nor refuse the consolation, that it is to be drawn from the remembrance of his exalted public worth and his unrivalled domestic virtues. He lives in our affections; and in our hearts will he ever be cherished.

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to convey to the family this expression of our feelings on this melancholy occasion.

Resolved, That as token of our respect we will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days; and attend his funeral this afternoon in a body.

In pursuance of the third resolution the chairman appointed Messrs. Jenkins, Ellmaker and Buchanan, each of whom had studied the law under the direction of Mr. Hopkins, to convey to his family the sympathy and condolence of the bar.

A. L. HAYES, Chairman.
Attest, *J. R. Montgomery*, Secretary.

Singular Instance of Longevity.—A certain housebreaker was condemned in the early part of the last century in France, and under peculiar circumstances, to a hundred years of the galleys, and, strange to relate, this man recently made his appearance in his own native province at the advanced age of 120, he being about 20 years of age when the sentence which condemned him to so dreadful a punishment was passed. It may be easily conceived with what eagerness and delight he flew, as soon as emancipated from the shackles which had enthralled him for an entire century, to breathe once more the cherished air of the scenes of his infancy. Bougr, in the department of Ain, was his native home; but time had so changed the aspect of the whole place, that he recognized it only by the old church of Brou, which was the only thing that had undergone no alteration. He had triumphed over laws, bondage, man, time—every thing. Not a relation had he left, not a single being could he hail as an acquaintance, yet he was not without experiencing the homage and respect the French invariably pay old age. For himself, he had forgotten every thing connected with his early youth; even all recollection of the crime for which he had suffered was lost, or if at all remembered it was but as a dreary vision confounded with a thousand other dreary visions of days long gone by. His family and connections for several generations all dead, himself a living proof of the clemency of heaven and the severity of man, regretting perhaps the very irons which had been familiar to him, and half wishing himself again among the wretched and suffering beings with whom his own fate had been so long associated—well might he be called the patriarch of burglars. A few years since this extraordinary long lived man was still in being and in health.

Washington Irving.—We have always been an admirer of the graphic, glowing descriptions of Irving. A friend has given us an account of Mr. Irving, being at Vicksburg in 1832, which was noticed by the Vicksburg Register, at the time. The boat on which he was a passenger, after his travels in the wilds of Arkansas, incidentally touched at that place. It was soon rumored that Washington Irving was on board. Every body was anxious to see him. "Which is he?" "It must be that tall, genteel looking man, on the guards of the boat." "No, you are mistaken gentlemen, that is Mr. Irving, in his grey frock, stretched on a cotton bale, watching the hands rolling cotton, as they sing

Hoosher boat and a Hoosher crew,
The captain he's a Hoosher too."

In the evening Mr. Irving was invited by the young gentlemen of Vicksburg to a wine party. Among the numerous toasts drank, was the following: "May the prairies of Arkansas prove as fruitful as the Sleepy Hollow of the Hudson." All eyes were turned to the distinguished guest; after a moment, he rose and said: "I hope, gentlemen, you are not waiting for a speech from me; I am an indifferent declaimer, but will propose—The health and prosperity of the citizens of Vicksburg." The manner with which these words were accompanied, was irresistible, and many

"————glorious
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious."

Mr. Irving took his leave, accompanied to the boat by several of the party, and followed by the well wishes of all. We shall esteem it a rare treat to cut the leaves of his "Sketches of the West."

The following which we cut from one of our exchange papers, will be of service to those alluded to in the paragraph. The act escaped our notice until now:

Hay.—'For the benefit of farmers who may have hay to sell, as well as others, we state, that by an act of Assembly, passed the last session, the gross hundred is done away, and that the hundred weight is now made up of four quarters of twenty-five pounds to the quarter—hence the ton is 2000 pounds, or what has been formerly termed *neat* weight.'

CHOLERA.

The schooner Navigator, D. Gillaspie, supercargo, came into port on Thursday last, with two men sick on board, and having lost two, during her cruise, by cholera, The dead were, Mr. Samuel Cummins, and David Miller, both of this borough. Of the two that were sick Mr. Wm. Hill, of Girard, was removed to the cholera hospital, about a mile from the borough, and died about midnight. The other Mr. David Southwick, Senr. of this borough, we understand is likely to recover. This is the vessel from which Capt. Judd and two other hands had previously died. No case has occurred in the borough or vicinity since the 22d Aug. and the general health of the place in all other respects is remarkably good. We do not know of a single case of malignant disease in the place.

At the other ports on the lake we understand the cholera has very much abated and in some entirely disappeared.—The Steam Boats begin again to come well laden with passengers; and business is resuming its wonted activity.

Erie Observer.

A 'GOOD EXPERIMENT.'

The packet ship Caledonia which sails for Liverpool this day, takes out from Mr. Robert Stevens, two of our celebrated running mares—Polly Hopkins and Betsy Ransom—with a view of testing the 'experiment' (we like the word,) of crossing their blood with the English racer Priam. The forth-coming progeny of these justly celebrated animals being by Eclipse, will be trained and tested in England with the pure English blood, while the future progeny, from the best English Horses, will be regularly shipped to this country at the age of one year, and in due time make their appearance on the American turf. This is indeed, an 'experiment' worthy alike of the enterprise of Mr. Stevens, and of the deep interest he has recently manifested in improving our breed of horses. To him more than all others, are we indebted for the perfection we have reached in Steam Boats and Locomotives; and to him will we be indebted for testing the relative speed and bottom of the best English and American Race Horses at this day. The experiment is an interesting one, and all who are admirers of the Horse, and can enjoy the sports of the Turf, will feel an interest in its successful issue.

N. Y. Cour.

THE BENEFIT OF QUICK TEMPERS.

A servant girl, a few days since, on leaving her place, was accosted by her master, as to her reason for leaving; the girl replied, 'Mistress is so quick tempered that I cannot live with her;' 'why,' said he, 'you know that it is no sooner begun than it is over!' 'Yes, Sir, said she, and no sooner over than began again.'

Yankee Speculation.

A little urchin came into our shop, the other day, when the following dialogue ensued:

'Mister, what is the price of paper here?
'Twenty-five cents a quire.
'How many sheets is there in a quire.
'Twenty-four.'
'Well, Sir, what do you ask a sheet?'
'One cent.'
(After a pause.) Well, Mister, I dont care if I take 24 sheets.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

CONGRESS.
BENJAMIN CHAMPNEYS.
SENATE.
JOHN SLAYMAKER.
ASSEMBLY.
JOHN F. STEINMAN,
JOHN MOUK,
GARDINER FURNACE,
JOHN CLARK,
JAMES McPHAIL,
WILLIAM HENDERSON.
COMISSIONER.
JACOB BACHMAN,
DIRECTOR.
JACOB ZERCHER.
SAMUEL BRUAU.
AUDITOR.
Dr. F. A THOMAS.

ANTI-MASONIC TICKET.

CONGRESS.
WILLIAM HIESTER.
SENATOR.
JOHN STROHM.
ASSEMBLY.
E. C. REIGAT, JACOB ERB,
LEAVIN H. JACKSON,
EDWARD DAVIES,
SAMUEL S. PATTERSON,
FREDERICK HIPPLE.
COMMISSIONER.
ADAM BARE.
DIRECTORS.
MARTIN SWAR, JOHN MILLER.
AUDITOR.
THOMAS C. COLLINS.

PRICES CURRENT.

	Marietta	*Balt.*	*Phil.*
Flour (wheat)	$4,87½	5,25	5.25
Rye Flour	300	3,50	3,50
Corn	53	66	66
Wheat	1,00	1.02	1,12
Rye	35	66	66
Oats	25	32	32
Cloverseed	2,75	3,25	3,50
Whiskey	25½	29	29
Flaxseed	125	1,60	1,62
Butter	12	"	"
Eggs	8		"

PRICES OF LUMBER.

The following are the prices of the different kinds of Lumber for Sale in this borough, viz:

W. P. Panel Boards Pr. M.	$22,00 $24,00
Do. do. First common " "	from 15,00 to 16,00
Do. do. Second com. " "	$9,00 to 10,00
Do. do. Cullings " "	$6,00 to 7,00
Plank one inch, same rate	" "
First common yellow pine	$20,00 to 22,00
Second common do do from	$12,00 to 15,00
Shingles 27 inch from $5,00 to	10,00
do. 24 from $5,00 to	7,00
Scantling white Pine from $9,00	to 11,00
Do. Hemlock, from $7,00 to	8,00
Cherry boards from $20,00 to	25,00
Chair Plank, good, $18,00	20,00
Locust posts finished, pr. 100 from	$30 to 40,00
Do do rough " "	from $20 to 28,00
Hogshead Staves pr. m. "	from $20 to 25,00
Barrel do " "	from $7 to 9,00
Sawed pine and Hemlock Rails pr. 100 from	$6, to 8,00

NOTICE.

I do hereby notify all persons indebted to me, that I have transferred my Books (containing amounts against sundry individuals) to Abraham Cassel for collection.

JAMES STEELE.
Marietta, September 18, 1834.

Notice.

ALL PERSONS INDEBTED to James Steele, will please take notice that I am duly authorised to collect and receive all monies due on his Books, and further I would notify all those indebted to the said James Steele, that if their respective amounts are not settled and paid by the *first* of NOVEMBER next, the Books will be left with a Magistrate for collection.

ABRAHAM CASSEL.
Marietta September 18, 1834.

NOTICE.

Whereas my Wife MARGARET, has left my Bed and Board, without any just cause, and in my absence has taken away or gave chance to others to take away or destroy what property I entrusted her with in my absence, I therefore warn all persons against trusting or harboring her on my account, as I am determined not to pay one cent of her contracting after this date.

HENRY BODENSTADT.
Marietta September 18, 1834.

CAUTION.

Whereas my husband (HENRY BODENSTADT) has advertised me, as having left his bed and board without any just cause, and also charges me with allowing persons to take away or destroy his property, these charges are without foundation, I had just cause for leaving him and I never destroyed or allowed any person to destroy his property. He warns the public not to trust me on his account, I now warn the public not to trust him, as he can get as much on my account as I can on his.

MARGARET BODENSTADT.
Marietta, September 18, 1834.

NOTICE.

WHEREAS much complaint has been made that a number of the Streets and Alleys within this borough remain enclosed:

Be it therefore Resolved in Council assembled, that the supervisor of the Borough is hereby directed to open the said streets and alleys, and remove all incumberances therefrom, on or before the 10th day of October 1834, and at any time thereafter if obstructions should remain or be placed thereon, to remove the same according to law.

Done in Council this 9th day of September 1834.

ABRAHAM VARLEY,
President of Council.
Attest, A. N. Cassel, T. C.
Marietta Sept. 18, 1834.

Notice.

I hereby forewarn all persons from shooting on my Farm. I am determined to prosecute every person, who after this notice, trespasses in any manner on my property.

FRANCES EVANS.
Donegal Sept. 18, 1834.

PENNSYLVANIA GRAYS.

A Court of Appeal will be held on Saturday Evening the 20th of September, at the Public House of John Fisher, in the borough of Marietta.

By Order

Sept. 13, 1834.

For Sale.

An excellent *STONE COAL STOVE*, cast at the Margaretta Furnace, P. Benedict's patent. The owner having no further use for it, it will be sold a bargain.

Enquire at this Office.
Marietta, September 18, 1834.

6 Cents & a bunch of Bristles

REWARD.

Ranaway from the subscriber living in this borough, on Monday evening the 8th of September, 1834, two indented apprentices to the Shoemaking business, named

GEORGE J. BENNET,
AND
STEPHEN FITTERY.

The subscriber will give the above reward to any person who will bring back the said apprentices, but charges will not be paid.

All persons are now warned neither to harbor or trust said apprentices.

THOMAS STENCE.
Marietta September 11, 1834.

NEW SCHOOL.

"THE DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE AMONG THE MASS OF SOCIETY, IS THE STRONGEST DEFENCE OF REPUBLICS."

The subscriber has opened a SCHOOL for the reception of scholars, in the building formerly occupied by Messrs. Hertzler and Wilson. He will teach the following branches:

Orthography, Reading, Penmanship, Geography, Arithmetic English and Latin
GRAMMAR, ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY, NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, RHETORIC, DECLAMATION and *CHEMISTRY.*

It shall be his earnest endeavor to reach the minds and understandings of his pupils, to show them, not only the effect, but also the cause,—the "why's and wherefores." By strictly adhering to the above mode of teaching, he hopes to receive a liberal share of public patronage.

Should any person, at the end of the term, be dissatisfied with the progress of his or her pupils, to him or her, no charge will be made.

Terms.—Orthography, Reading, Penmanship, Geography and Arithmetic, per quarter, $2,50. All other branches $3.

Public lectures will occasionally be given on some of the above branches.

Parents and Guardians are respectfully invited to visit the school frequently.

J. A. RYERSON.
Marietta September 11, 1834.

WINDOW SASH.

Cheap Window Sash of every size and description for sale by

J. Grosh.

Marietta Sept. 11, 1834.

List of Letters

Remaining in the Post Office, at Marietta, Lancaster county, Pa. July 1, 1834.

A

Allen Collin.

B

Bare A. Mary, Bowman John.

C

Cash Jane Mary, Carr Henry, Campbell A. Soloman, or Dagget Levi, Cohick Daniel, Clark S. Uriah, Curtis Daniel.

E

Edward S. Thomas, Ealy Michael, Erwin Nusan.

F

French James, Forster Jno. 3, Fahon A. Hermon, Funck Jacob, Funston Nicholas, 2.

G

Gries Jno. Goshen Isaac, Gamber Jon. Groff Henry, Gantz Maria.

H

Heistand Jacob, 5. Holinger Margaret, Hartsler Jacob, Houts Nancy, Harkins Dennis, Hamlin Alexander, Hogentobler Joseph, Heslet Wm.

J

Jones Cesar, Johnson H. Thos.

L

Lattin George, Luther Geo. Lutz Elizabeth, 2

M

Morse Whitney, Marland Whitney, Mayers Wm.

N.

Nicholas Henry.

R

Rush Joseph, Rogers Jno. Ramsey Wm. Ralston Harriet.

S

Snowden S. Joseph, Mrs. Susan, Schler Abr. Sultzbach Henry, 2. Sutherland Agnes, 2. Stewart Wm. Shaffer Elizabeth.

T

Thompson Sarah.

W

Warner Gellis, Whittse Jno. 2. Cornell, Waters B. Samuel.

Y

Yale C. Enos.

J. GLATZ, P. M.

Marietta, July 3, 1834.

Stray Steer.

Came to the plantation of the Subscriber, living in West Donegal Township, Lancaster county, on the road leading from Maytown to Bainbridge, about the 16th of April, 1834, a small

Brown Steer

with white legs and tail, and a white stripe on the belly. The owner is desired to come forward prove property, pay charges and take him away otherwise he will be disposed of according to law.

GEORGE REICH.

July 17, 1834.

LUMBER *Yard.*

the Eastern part of Marietta

J. GROSH.

GRATEFUL for past favors, informs his old customers, and a generous public, that he still continues to keep on hand and at his old stand, LUMBER of every description, among which are.

White and Yellow Pine Boards,

and Plank, 30 and 24 inch Shingles, Joists Rafters and Scantling from 10 to 40 feet long and from 3 by 4 to 7 by 8 inches thick.

Hewed Timber

of several lengths and sizes. Ready made and rough Locust Post, Pine and Hemlock Rails, Hogshead and Barrel Staves.

Also STONE COAL, of the best quality by the ton. All of which he is determined to sell low for CASH, or approved short credits.

Marietta, July 18, 1833.

Lumber YARD.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has in addition to his former stock of lumber a large assortment of long timber, Joist, Scantling, and Rafters: Timber from 10 to 50 feet in length, Joist from 10 to 22 feet, scantling from 10 to 24 feet, Rafters from 10 to 27 feet, all of which he offers for sale at the current prices—between two and three hundred thousand Shingles at a reduced price.

JAMES MEHAFFEY.

Marietta, Jan. 31, 1833.

A. M. Beatty,

AUCTIONEER and VENDUE CRIER.

Respectfully informs the people generally both in Town and Country, that he continues to attend to the above business and may be found by inquiring of *Samuel McKinney* in Front Street Marietta.

References as to capacity enquire of

WILLIAM CHILD,
SAMUEL HOPKINS.
JOHN H. GOODMAN,

October 12, 1833.

COFFEE HOUSE HOTEL.

No. 38, South Street, Baltimore.

THE SUBSCRIBER thankful for the encouragement that he has received, from his friends and the public since he commenced the above establishment, respectfully informs them that he still continues at the same place, and hopes by his attention to the comforts of his Guests to merit a share of their patronage.

JOHN S. BAKER.

March 7, 1833.

Notice to Gunners.

The public are warned against HUNTING on the property of the subscriber in York co. Those trespassing after this notice, will be dealt with acording to law.

CHRISTIAN KEESEY.

York co. July 31, 1834.

GOODS

selling off at first cost for cash.

The subscribers having determined to close their business in this place as soon as possible, would call the attention of the public to their EXTENSIVE assortment of MERCHANDIZE which they are now offering for sale at first cost. C. HERTZLER & WILSON.

Marietta Sept. 5th, 1833.

Notice.

ALL persons in any way indebted to the subscribers are hereby respectfully notified to come forward and discharge their respective accounts immediately, or abide with the consequences. ALSO persons having claims against the firm are requested to present them for settlement.

HERTZLER & WILSON.

Sept. 5. 1833.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The co-partnership in the Hatting business, heretofore conducted under the firm of "BARR and CASSEL," of Marietta, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Those having claims against the firm are requested to present their accounts for payment to A. N. Cassel, and all those indebted to the firm are required to make payment to said Cassel, who is authorized to receive all outstanding debts due the firm.

JOHN BARR,
A. N. CASSEL.

Marietta, January 4th, 1834.

A. N. CASSEL,

Respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has taken, and will continue the Hatting establishment heretofore conducted under the firm of Barr and Cassel.

January 4, 1834.

HARDWARE,

Drugs, Paints, Oils and DYE STUFFS.

The subscriber still continues to keep, an has on hand a good supply of

DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, DYE STUFFS, AND SHOP FURNITURE,

which he offers on the best terms to those who will favor him with their custom.—Also, a general supply of

PATENT MEDICINES.

GROUND SPICES

Mahogony Venires,

Swaim's Celebrated Panacea,

for the cure of Scrofula or King's Evil, Mercurial diseases, Rheumatism and all disorders arising from a bad state of the blood; this medicine has been recommended by the best Physicians of Philadelphia. All orders will be thankfully received and particular pains taken that no accidents or mistakes may occur. A liberal discount will be allowed to Physicians and wholesale dealers.

J. T. ANDERSON,

Marietta, Jan. 23, 1834.

LIBHART'S HOTEL

and Stage Office,

Corner of Gay & Front Streets, Marietta.

THE Subscriber returns his thanks to a generous public for the favors he has hitherto received, and respectfully announces to his customers and others, that he still continues to occupy that well known stand—the house has lately undergone considerable repairs, improvements and alterations, so as to render it more completely a home for the traveller.

The house is spacious and contains twenty-four rooms, two of which are private Parlors, and fitted up in good style for the accommodation of private parties. The above establishment enjoys one of the most advantageous situations in the place, being located in the centre of business, and commands a fine prospect of the river and its scenery.

The subscriber intends devoting his unremitted personal exertions in conducting the above establishment, and hopes by this assiduity and attention to merit that patronage so liberally extended to him heretofore, and for which he hereby makes his most grateful acknowledgements.

B. LIBHART.

Feb. 7, 1833.

James Noble,

Auctioneer and Vendue Crier

Offers his services to the people both in TOWN AND COUNTRY, and would be thankful for a share of public patronage.

References as to capability, enquire of

BENJAMIN LIBHART,
RIEB & LIBHART,
JOH FISHER.

Marietta November 30, 1833.

List of Letters.

A List of Letters, remaining in the Post Office at Maytown, Lancaster County, Penn. the Last quarter Commencing April 1st, 1834, and enclosing June 30th, 1834.

Samuel Cain, Rev. Dr. Geo. Reich, John Spangler, George Ream, Jacob Crall, John Gephart, William Brown, Samuel Bossler Samuel Reiley, John Jackson, Mary Lynch, Henry Grove, Henry Haines, Michael Rairdin, Elizabeth Calfman, Mary Rraft, Conrad Zeigler, Michael Rathven, William H. Thompson, Samuel Braught, Samuel Evans, Susana Keller, Mary Ann Wagoner.

GEORGE FERREE, P. M.

Maytown, July 10, 1834.

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pine Grove Coal.

Just received a quantity of first quality PINE GROVE COAL; coarse and fine; all of which will be sold cheap.

J. GROSH.

Marietta, June 12, 1834.

P. S. The FINE is for Lime burners, and will be sold at $3 00 per ton, or a trifle over ten cents per bushel. J. G.

Rathvon and McClellan

Tailors.

Respectfully make known to the citizens o Marietta, and vicinity, that they have entered into co-partnership in the above business, under the firm of "RATHVON and McCLELLAN," in the lower room of the building occupied by Joseph Bucher, in Market Street, Marietta, nearly opposite J. H. Goodman's, and a few doors west of D. Ferree's store. Those who may have confidence, and favour them with their patronage, may rely on having work done expeditiously, and in the most

Durable and Fashionable Style,

as arrangements have been made to receive as early as possible, the latest and most approved fashions.

S. S. RATHVON, from several months recent experience in Philadelphia, flatters himself that they will be enabled to give general satisfaction.

S. S. RATHVON, would also beg leave to tender his greatful acknowledgments to the public for their liberal encouragement bestowed upon him when formerly in business, and solicits a continuance of that liberality to the firm.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The partnership heretofore existing between FORSTER and LAW, Merchants, Marietta, was on the 9th inst. dissolved by mutual consent. All those indebted to said firm, are requested to make payment to Mehaffey and Law, who are authorised to recieve the same, and those having claims against said firm, are requested to present them for payment.

JOHN E. FORSTER,
JAMES S. LAW.

Marietta, May 15, 1834.

We the subscribers respectively inform our friends and the public generally, that we have purchased the establishment formerly owned by "FORSTER and LAW," of Marietta, and we expect in a few days to receive and keep constantly on hand a splendid assortment of goods, and the business will in future be conducted under the firm of Mehaffey and Law.

JAMES MEHAFFEY,
JAMES S. LAW.

Marietta, May 15, 1834.

The People's Magazine.

The first volume of the PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, which is just completed, was commenced as an experiment. The unqualified approbation it has every where received, and the large list of subscribers it has already obtained, induce the Publishers to continue their efforts to make the work what they intended from the first—a permanent *family magazine*,—one, too, which shall be still more worthy of the high character it sustains. In pursuance of this determination, they will withhold no pains or expense. They have already secured such aid in the editorial department, as they deem necessary to the accomplishment of their purpose.

The great object of the *People's Magazine*, then, is to convey *useful instruction*, in plain and familiar, but chaste language, and in the *cheapest possible form*, to every cottage and fireside in the land. There are few families, to be found, who cannot afford to spend one dollar a year, for a visiter, twice a month, which shall give them valuable information and advice, on subject connected with their usefulness and happiness—which, while it shall not fail to *interest* and *amuse*, shall have still higher and nobler purposes in view—the improvement of the *mind*, and the cultivation of the *heart*.

Natural History will continue to receive, as it deserves, a considerable share of our attention. This science embraces many more topics than at first view might be supposed. Whatever relates to the character, nature, or internal structure, of *men*, *animals*, and *things*, is properly a subject of natural history.

But we shall not confine ourselves wholly to the animal, the vegetable and the mineral kingdoms of *nature*. We shall launch out, often, into *history*, *arts*, *manufactures*, &c. The pages of history are full of instruction. *Biography* will also be deemed an appropriate subject. In short, nothing which is calculated to benefit the minds and hearts of our readers, will be intentionally excluded.

We do not expect, in a semi-monthly magazine, to present all the important intelligence of the day, but only such as may be deemed of permanent value, as a matter of record. Even this will sometimes appear late. But delay has its advantages. Much mischief has been done, and many unnecessary pangs inflicted, by an unjudicious eagerness to circulate early intelligence. Every one will recollect instances, where the public press has in this way widely circulated false statements. These evils the People's Magazine will endeavor to avoid.

Engravings of a superior character will continue to be furnished; but while we labor, in this way, to render the work attractive, we intend much more. We believe the good engravings may be made to do something more than to amuse, or even illustrate. We believe they may be made to cultivate the mind, chasten the imagination, develope taste, and benefit the heart. Shall the teachers of vice find engravings an important aid in accomplishing—unworthy ends in vitiating the taste and imagination—and shall the teachers of virtue neglect to turn them to a good account, in the *promotion of human happiness?*

TERMS.—*Published every other Saturday, at* ONE DOLLAR *a year*, in advance. Six copies for five dollars.

The postage of this Magazine is three quarters of a cent for 100 miles, and one cent and a quarter only for the greatest distance: By special decision of the Post-master General.

Removal.

P. J. GORNER

Respectfully informs the citizens of the Borough of Marietta and the public in general that he has removed his

Chair Manufactory

to the new building lately built by James Steele, in the Market Square, next door to J. J. Libhart's Eagle Hotel, where he has on hand a general assortment of finished

Windsor Chairs, Settees, &c.

all of which he will dispose of on reasonable terms for *cash*.

Marietta, April 17, 1834.

Dissolution of partnership.

The partnership heretofore existing between ESTERLE and CAROTHERS, Clock and Watch makers, Marietta, was dissolved on the first day of January last, by mutual consent.—Those having claims against said firm are requested to present them to G. K. Carothers for payment, and those indebted will please make payment to him.

JOHN ESTERLE.
G. K. CAROTHERS.

Marietta, February 22, 1834.

The subscriber informs his friends and the public that he has removed to the house lately occupied by J. Graybill, Esq. where he will continue the business of

Watch and Clock Making,

in its various branches. An assortment o *JEWELRY, WATCHES AND TIME-PIECES* will be constantly kept on hand.

GEORGE K. CAROTHERS.

Marietta, April 17, 1834.

Removal.

ASHBEL GREEN, JR.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

COLUMBIA, PA.

Has removed his office, to his residence in Second, between Locust and Walnut Streets.

A. G. Jr. will attend at Marietta on every Thursday, for the transaction of business, and may be found at Libhart's Hotel.

Columbia, June 12, 1834.

Second year of

PARLEYS MAGAZINE.

The unexampled success of this juvenile Work, which now circulates into every state and terriotory of the Union, has encouraged the publishers to renewed exertions in making it all that judicious Parents could reasonably expect for the amusement and instruction of Youth.

It is important to remark, that this Magazine has become a great favorite in Schools, and that judicious Parents and Teachers have discovered that its interesting matter, its spirited and appropriate engravings its entire novelty, added to the circumstance of its coming every fortnight fresh from the Press, in convenient and beautiful numbers, have all conspired to render it unusually attractive to young readers. It is read with avidity and pleasure; and the object of school education, so far as it relates to reading understandingly, acquiring at the same time valuable portions of knowledge, and an enduring taste for reading, is better accomplished by this interesting periodical, than by any means hitherto attempted.

There are now schools in every part of the country that take some twenty, some thirty, some forty, and some as many as sixty copies of this Magazine; and the Teachers, one and all, recommend its use and importance in the most unequivocal manner, and are exerting themselves to increase its circulation.

To such as are yet unacquainted with Parley's Magazine, we would state some of the interesting topics that it presents.

I. NATURAL HISTORY—Of beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, insects; plants, flowers, trees; the human frame, &c.

II. BIOGRAPHY—Especially of the Young.

III. GEOGRAPHY—Accounts of places, manners, customs, &c.

IV. TRAVELS AND VOYAGES, in various parts of the world.

V. Lively descriptions of the Curiosities o *Nature and Art*,—in each of the U. States and in other countries.

VI. LESSONS on Objects that daily surround Children in the Parlor, Nursery, Garden, &c.

Accounts of Trades and Employments.

VII. PARTICULAR DUTIES of the Young—to Parents, Teachers, Brothers, Sisters, &c.

VIII. Bible Lessons and Stories.

IX. NARRATIVES—Such as are well authenticated; Original Tales.

X. PARABLES, FABLES, and PROVERBS where the moral is obvious and excellent.

XI. POETRY—Adapted to the youthful capacity and feelings.

XII. INTELLIGENCE—Embracing Accounts of Juvenile Books, Societies, and Remarkable Occurrences.

Many of the above Subjects are illustrated by numerous and beautiful Engravings, prepared by the best Artists and selected not only with a view to *adorn* the work, but to improve the Taste, cultivate the Mind, and raise the affections of the young to appropriate and worthy Objects. We would make them better children, better brothers, better sisters, better pupils, better associates, and, in the end, better citizens.

This Magazine comes out every other Saturday, and is sent to any part of the United States, by mail. Price, $1 a year, in advance. Six copies for $5; 20 copies for $15; or 25 quarterly parts for $5. Postage three quarters of a cent, if under 100 miles, one cent and a quarter only, for the greatest distance.

LILLY, WAIT, & CO.,
Publishers 121, *Washington St.* Boston.

Subscriptions received at this office.

Valuable Property

For Sale.

The Subscriber offers at Private Sale, the large and commodious

Brick Dwelling House,

AND LOT OF GROUND,

in the Borough of Marietta, now occupied by him as a Store and dwelling house. The property is situated on the South East corner of Market Square, very advantageous for doing public business, the Lot is under the best improvement, being supplied with a well of never failing water, a good cistern at the back door, good stabling, and all kinds of fall and summer fruit. Also, an adjoining

House and Lot of Ground,

in the Market Square.

Persons wishing to view the above described property, are requested to call on

JAMES STEEL.

Marietta, Feb. 6th, 1834.

Job Printing

EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

Drug Store.

DR. J. GLATZ,

Respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has just received, at his old stand, in Market Street, a fresh assortment of

DRUGS, MEDICINES,

Paints, Dye Stuffs, and Oils,

SWAIMS PANACEA, ALBRIGHTS COLUMBIAN SYRUP, DR. ELIJAH PRATT'S ARTIFICIAL NIPPLE'S MILK OF ROSES, CHLORINE TOOTH WASH, CONCENTRATED SOLUTION OF CHLORIDE OF SODA, INDIAN DYE, FOR COLORING HAIR, LUCIFER MATCHES, BEAR'S OIL, MACASSER OIL, POMATUM, LAVENDER WATER, COLOGNE WATER, HACQUINS VOLATILE AROMATIC SMELLING SALT, &c. &c.

Also, a large and general assortment of

WINDOW GLASS,

All of which, he will sell at reduced prices

Marietta, August 14, 1834.

READY MADE CLOTHING.

The Subscribers offer for sale at their Store-room, a general assortment of ready made Clothing, consisting of

Coats, Vests, Pantaloons, and Shirts,

All of which they will dispose of at first Cost for Cash.

C. Hertzler & Wilson.

Marietta, May 10, 1834.

Notice.

In consequence of a resolution of the Burgess and Town Council of the 15th of March 1817, part of the burying ground attached to Zion's Church, was laid out in lots for the use of families, by an ordinance of the 2nd April, 1817, it is enjoined on each individual to pay fifty cents per foot in width, for each lot they hold or occupy, with any of their families, which was again repealed on the 30th of December, 1820, giving any person liberty who have occupied any of said lots as aforesaid, to retain them at two dollars each, on the payment of which sum the person was required to take a certificate from the Burgess. Therefore, all persons who have not certificates, are hereby required to take out or procure them, on or before the 1st day of October, otherwise the ground will be forfeited and occupied by the citizens in general, for burying ground, as other parts of the ground have heretofore been occupied, and as the lot attached to Zion's Church, on the north side has been purchased for burying ground, the corporation offer

FOR SALE,

A NUMBER OF LOTS, SUITABLE FOR FAMILIES, those desirous of buying any of said lots, by application to the Burgess and paying the amount required, will receive a certificate or title for the same.

S. D. MILLER, Chief Burgess.

Marietta, August 14, 1834.

NOTICE

To Gunners and Fishers.

We the subscribers, inhabitants of East Donegall township, in the county of Lancaster, do hereby notify all persons not HUNT with GUNS or in any other way, upon our FARMS, or FISH along any of the CREEKS running through our property situated in said township, under the penalty of the law, as much damage has heretofore been done to STACKS of *Grain* and *other property* by Hunting and Fishing as aforesaid.

John M. Hoover,	Abraham Hershey,
George Ferree,	Robert Sample,
Joseph Niesley,	Abraham Long,
John Watson,	Michael Hoover, jr.
Jacob Gerber,	Peter Kraybiell,
John Cassel,	Benjamin Ebersol,
Peter Niesley,	Jonas Mumma, jr.
Christian Garber,	John Clark,
Henry Hiestand,	Jacob Hiestand,
Andrew Hiestand,	Joseph Groff,
Christian Hershey,	John Fritz,
Andrew Hershey,	George Gohn,
John Geist,	Samuel Naylor,
Michael Martin,	Peter Hartman,
Frederick Haines,	Henry Sultzbach,
Christian Groh,	Nathaniel Watson.

East Donegall township, July 31, 1834.

Removal.

JOHN FULTZ, TAILOR.

Respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has removed his Shop, from front street to his residence in Market Street, 6 doors above J. Baha's and directly opposite W. McClure, where all work entrusted to him will be attended to with neatness and despatch.

Marietta, August 7, 1834.

MUSICAL TUITION.

JOHN P. WIND,

Professor of Music, begs leave to inform the citizens of Marietta and its vicinity, that he will commence giving instructions on the

PIANO FORTE.

TERMS.—Eight dollars per course of 30 lessons for Piano Forte.

REFERENCES:—George Willig, Philadelphia; John Reinstein, Lancaster Pa.; Jacob Fetter, Bethlehem Pa.

J. P. W. will at all times have the latest music published for Piano Forte.

Piano Forte's Tun'd and repaired at the shortest notice.

J. P. W. may always be found at John J. Libhart's Eagle Hotel.

Marietta, August 28th, 1834.

Notice.

All persons indebted to the estate of GEORGE LOWBER, deceased, are requested to make payment, on or before the 1st of September, and all those having demands, are requested to present them, duly authenticated, for settlement.

FREDERICK FRANK,
Administrator.

Marietta, July 31, 1834.